

*Mademoiselle.* They speak very improperly when they say so, my dear. I will tell you a tale upon this subject.

BLOOMING and FAIR. *A Fable.*

Once there was a widow, who was a good sort of a woman, and she had two daughters, both of whom were very beautiful: the name of the eldest was *Fair*, and that of the youngest, *Blooming*. They were named thus, because one had an exceeding fair complexion, and the other had cheeks and lips as red as coral. One day, when this good woman was spinning at the door of her house, she saw a poor old woman that could hardly hobble along with her stick. You are very much fatigued, said the good dame to this poor old creature; sit down a little and rest yourself. She then ordered her daughter to bring her a chair. The girls both rose up to fetch it, but *Blooming* ran faster than her sister to obey her mother's command.

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Will you drink any thing? said the woman to this poor old creature. I will, answered she, and I could eat a morsel, if you could give me something that is a little relishing. I will give you every thing that is in the garden, said the good woman; but, as I have not any great dainties.

She then ordered her eldest daughter to gather some plums from a plum-tree, which she had planted herself, and she was very fond of. *Fair*, readily obeying her mother, gathered some, and said within herself, I will not plant this plum-tree, for such pains to preserve it, for the sake of a few plums. However, she did not refuse to give her some plums; but she gave them frowningly, and against her will. *Blooming*, said the good woman to her second daughter, you have some fruit to give to this poor creature. Your grapes are not yet ripe: I will give you some, said *Blooming*, but I hear my sister has just laid an egg, and

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